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JACOBINISM IN THE NURSERY.

It is fortunate for the adult, that children are dispersed in little parcels of four and a half individuals throughout private families; for, were it otherwise, they would certainly be found less manageable as a class than they are. Combined in masses—formed into unions—covenanted by charters—they might become seriously troublesome to papas and schoolmasters; and a servile might be found as nothing in comparison with an infantile war. I do not wish to see them become a rising generation in this sense; but I fully admit that we full-grown people give them all imaginable occasion for springing up in rebellion against us. The young are everywhere over the world an ill-used set of persons.

It is rather surprising, in an age when so many claims for class emancipation have been considered, that there should never have been the least attention bestowed upon the oppressed denizens of our firesides. Children are everywhere committed to an irresponsible power. Irresponsible power is acknowledged to be liable to great abuse. Yet we never think of children being in danger of suffering from this cause. There is here a selfish feeling which seems to preside in monarchists and republicans alike: all are decided for maintaining absolutism over the young. Let nations make themselves free from intruding conquerors, or sections of a people successfully assert their title to equal rights; but the young of every state, of every class, of every descent, must remain the thralls and serfs of their elders. There has never been any Tell, or Luther, or Wallace among the juveniles. And nobody dreams that there is the least occasion for such assertors of infantine liberty. Even philanthropists are silent upon this point. Nevertheless, I dare to believe that there is a vast tyranny in this department of our social economy, and that it calls for, and is capable of, remedy.

It is remarkable as, generally speaking, a well-meaning tyranny. Big man wishes well to little man. Big man is anxious to make little man as good—that is, as like himself as possible. Big man would take a great deal of trouble, and even endure a considerable sacrifice of his own feelings, for the sake of little man. Witness the sufferings which big man often undergoes in thrashing little man. Witness the distress of mind which it often costs big man to deny indulgences to little man. The misfortune is, that big man is only a kind of child himself—an unenlightened impulsive being, who either does not know what he ought to do, or, if otherwise, cannot do it; so that little man has no chance of being rightly dealt with by him. It is much worse when big man comes to have a notion of duty towards little man; for then he only pursues his wrong courses with more doggedness or fury. The lashes inflicted, and the restraints imposed by conscience, are the most cruel of

all. Heaven pity little man when he falls into the hands of a papa with a conscience!

I entirely deny every pretended right of the adult to exercise any control over the young, beyond what is rigidly definable as moral influence. No control of a different kind from this is needed in the case; and no such control can be used without injury to both parties. Such control is therefore to be condemned. We have here a question taking its place beside that respecting the abolition of capital punishments, and others in which the precepts of pure Christianity, harmonising with the dictates of the highest philosophy, are proposed to be for the first time followed. The stripes, snubbings, scoldings, privations, prisonings, disgracings, with which children are visited by their protectors, form, as it were, a dispensation of the inferior feelings, which must pass away, along with all other systems having the same bad foundation. Reason and affection are the true bases of the relation of parent and child, as they are the bases of all good social relations; and I venture to propound that there is no more necessity for ever departing, with respect to the young, from the rules of courtesy and good-breeding, than there is in our intercourse with equals in the common world.

Adults who for the first time undertake the charge of a child, usually commence with a bustling, anxious feeling of responsibility, and a sad want of faith in human nature. The sense of a tremendous coming struggle with something singularly perverse and difficult, is upon them, and they rush into a fight with one who is without the power either to aggress or to defend. There is something almost ludicrous in this disproportion between the subject of treatment and the treatment itself. It is like attacking a fly in a full suit of armour. The young human being is, in reality, a simple, innocent, tractable sort of creature. He is absolutely the same as his ruler, only without the wickedness and depraved reason which often belong to that person. Why all this terror about these poor harmless little men, as worthy Mr Burchell called them? The common feeling seems to be—he is a determined liar; let us flog it out of him: whereas it is only the natural and justifiable dread of these floggings which prompts the lie. He is sure to misjudge everything, and fall into irremediable error, if left to exercise his own reason: therefore let us force him to all the conclusions at which we have ourselves arrived: the consequence of which is, that his reason, not being exercised, becomes liable to errors which it would otherwise be in no danger of. He is wild and reckless, caring little for his parents and best benefactors: therefore let us assert due authority over, and exact due honour from him; the means taken for this purpose being exactly those which unavoidably alienate regard, and either excite rebellion or produce the worse evil of an utterly broken spirit. He has no liking for his tasks, or for

anything but play : therefore let us see to keep him at his books, and the more rigidly at those which he likes least ; whence it results that the real aptitudes of the child for mental improvement are altogether misdirected, and he is inspired with disgust for what he might have otherwise embraced with eagerness. But, above all mistakes, is that of supposing that the better nature of a child is to be evoked and raised into the strength which we would desire to see it have in the full-grown man, by making him pass through a cold and cheerless youth. The very contrary is the case. A system of petty restraints and privations, of severe looks and incessant chidings, can only result in depraving the feelings and perverting the reason of a young person. He is, in such circumstances, entirely out of harmony with nature. He is like a flower which requires light and warmth, placed in a cold cellar, where it never can acquire its proper proportions, or colouring, or vigour. It is quite impossible that a child so treated can ever attain to the proper characteristics of a well-constituted and healthy man or woman.

Many big-man tyrants would, I verily believe, willingly adopt a different system, if they could be convinced that little man is capable of being brought to reasonable perfection otherwise. Now, I admit that the ordinary plan has usage on its side ; but I would say that it is not by any means clear that the usage has been successful, seeing that many youths grow up very differently from what is expected ; and that the children of the more awfully good are sometimes remarked to turn out the worst. To come more closely to the point, I would ask if there be anything in our common experiences of life to prove the efficiency of a system of terror and severity. Is it not rather found, when we use violence in act or in speech towards our fellow-creatures, or in any way treat them derogatorily, that we lose all right control over them ? Do they not then usually take a stand upon their firmness and self-esteem, and set us at defiance ? How, then, should it be supposed that discourtesy, harshness, painful restrictions upon personal freedom, taunts, scoldings, or any other contumelious treatment, is to succeed with children ? Is it not evident, since they have the same nature as ourselves, that such treatment can only rouse their inferior feelings, as it does our own, and render them just so much the more unfit subjects of all right influence ?

It is not upon the strength of theory alone that I venture to recommend the introduction into the nursery of the same principles which govern the drawing-room. My counsel is, that we should speak and act towards children upon the simple understanding that they are beings with feelings like ourselves, to be operated upon, as our own are, for good and for evil results. Seeing that we feel the force of kindness, of justice, and of reason, in our intercourse with society, I recommend that these principles alone should predominate in our relations with the young. I would never address to them a rude, harsh, or discourteous word ; never exhibit before them any such passion as anger, or appeal to so mean a thing as punishment for effecting an end with them. Coming before them simply as friendly associates, possessing some advantage over them in point of experience and maturity of judgment, I would look for influence over them, as far as I desired any, simply to the love which a long course of endearing conduct must unavoidably engender in their breasts. There is, in reality, less need for what is called influence over children than is generally supposed. To give their faculties a chance of being rightly developed, they should be allowed to work out much for themselves. If the circumstances in which they are placed be pure, they will be pure also : there is no need, in such a case, for the perpetual ordering and directing which some parents deem necessary. If they be made, as they ought to be, confidential equals and friends, authority will be found an absurdity ; for who seeks to have an authority over his friends ? The true influence is that of love and respect, the same power which enables one man to

acquire standing amongst others in the common world. With this aid, there is nothing impossible in the management of children. It is the silken tie which binds more fast than chains of iron. Thus treated, I conceive that the infantine mind would expand much more vigorously than it usually does under the rule of fear. The product must be a man instead of a slave.

It will appear to many that the impulses of a large proportion of children are not to be guided or controlled in this manner. There is sometimes seen in children, particularly of the male sex, a recklessness and waywardness which it does not appear that anything but force could duly govern. I question if such impulses are, except in a few cases, of an evil nature. Mere burstings of the spirit of enterprise and activity they mostly are, which it is only necessary to direct to good ends, in order to turn them to good account. Often what we complain of in children is the natural fruit of that system of force and fear upon which we have proceeded in our intercourse with them. With really evil dispositions, it might possibly be shown that the one system is no more efficient than the other.

Patrons of terror and severity—all ye who, from natural moroseness or mistaken dogmas, do what in ye lies to make children miserable—think for a moment what a terrible thing it is if ye be wrong in the course you take. Let the gentle innocence and helplessness of childhood plead with you for a reconsideration of your system. Reflect what it is to darken a sunshine which God himself has spread in the being of your little ones. Look forward to the day when ye shall be as children in the hands of those now young, and what it would be were they to visit your unresisting weakness with penalties such as ye now, with no better cause, inflict upon them in the morn and liquid dew of life. Oh, ponder well on these things, and so change your hand, and check your pride, that tears shall be dried, and the merry laugh introduced where it ought to be. What a rich reward will be yours in affection and true obedience, instead of the hypocritical docility which attends the system of terror ! How delightful will it be to see minds thus allowed to expand to their fair proportions, instead of being cramped and withered by base cruelty ! And how precious, above all estimation, will be the reflection, that, come what may of these children of your heart's hopes, at least one portion of their life has been, by your means, made a thing of beauty and a joy for ever !

THE HOME-WRECK.

FIRST PART.

A FEW years since I visited Devonshire to make the acquaintance of some distant relations, whom circumstances had prevented me from before seeing. Amongst others there was one who lived in a decayed family mansion about six miles east of the pretty town of Dartmouth. Before calling on her, I was prepared, by report, to behold a very aged and a very eccentric lady. Her age no one knew, but she seemed much older than her only servant—a hardy old dame, who, during the very month of my visit, had completed her ninety-ninth year.

The mistress never allowed any one to see her, save a young and interesting cousin of mine. She seldom went out except on Sundays, and then was carried to church in an old sedan chair by a couple of labourers, who did odd jobs of gardening about the house. She had such an insuperable objection to be seen by anybody, whether at home or abroad, that she concealed her face by a thick veil.

These, with other particulars, were narrated to me by my cousin as we rode towards Coote-down Hall, in which the old lady resided, and which, with the surrounding estate, was her own property. On approach-

ing it, signs of past grandeur and present decay presented themselves. The avenue leading to the house had evidently been thickly planted; but now only a few stumps remained to mark where noble and spreading elms once had been. Having arrived at the house, my cousin reined up at the steps of the hall, upon which she, in a low cautious voice, desired me to alight. Having assisted her out of her saddle, I was about to utter some exclamation of surprise at the extreme dilapidation of the place, when she whispered me to be silent, adding, that I must not stir until she had returned from within, to announce whether my visit would be accepted or not.

During her absence, I had full leisure to look around and note the desolate condition of Coote-down. The lawn—thickly overspread with rank grass—could scarcely be distinguished from the fish-pond, which was completely covered with water-weeds. The shrubbery was choked and tangled, whilst a very wide rent in the wall laid open to view an enclosure which had been once a garden, but was now a wilderness. For a time the sorrowful effect which all this decay produced on my mind was increased by the extreme solitude which reigned around. This, however, was presently relieved by a cackling sign of life which issued from a brood-hen as it flew from the sill of a side-parlour window. On casting my eyes further into the landscape, I also perceived a very fat cow lazily browsing on the rich pasture of a paddock.

On turning round to view the house, new tokens of desolation were visible. Its shattered casements and worm-eaten doors, with tufts of weed growing at each corner, showed that for many years the front of the mansion had not been inhabited or its doors opened. One evidence of fallen grandeur was highly characteristic—over the porch the family arms had been carved in stone, but was now scarcely distinguishable from dilapidation: a sparrow had established a comfortable nest in the mouth of the helmet, and a griffin 'rampant' had fallen from his place beside the shield, and tamely lay overgrown with weeds.

These observations were interrupted by the light step of my cousin, who came to inform me that the lady of the house, after much persuasion, had consented to receive me. Conducting me to the back of the mansion, my fair guide took me through a dark passage into a sort of kitchen. A high and ample 'settle' stood, as is usual in farm-houses, before the hearth. In one corner of this seat reclined a figure bent with age, her face concealed by a thick veil. In the other corner was an old cheerful-looking woman busily knitting, and mumbling rather than singing a quaint old ballad.

The mistress of Coote-down made a feeble attempt to rise when my cousin presented me; but I intreated her to keep her seat. Having procured a chair for my fellow visitor (for the old domestic took not the smallest notice of us, but went on with her work as if we were not present), I established myself beside the hostess, and addressed to her a few commonplace words of greeting. She replied in a voice far less feeble than I had expected to hear from so decrepit a person; but what she said was no answer to my salutation. She went on with surprising clearness, explaining to me the degree of relationship which we bore to each other, and traced my pedigree till it joined her own; continued our mutual genealogy back to the Damnonil of Cornwall, hinting that our ancestors of that period were large mining proprietors, who sold tin to the Phenicians! At first she spoke with doubt and hesitation, as if she feared to make some mistake; but the moment she got to where our branches joined—to the trunk, as it were, of our family tree—she went on glibly, like a child repeating a well-learned lesson. All this while the old attendant kept

up the unceasing accompaniment of her ballad, which she must have sung through several times, for I heard the first line—

'A ballie's daughter, fair was she'—

at least thrice.

Though I addressed several questions to my singular relation, she made no attempt to answer them. It seemed that what she had uttered was all she was capable of: and this, I learnt afterwards, was partly true. Circumstances of her early life had given her a taste for family history, particularly that of her own, and her faculties, though otherwise impaired, still retained everything relating to what concerned her ancestry.

On our way back from this singular scene, my cousin remarked that it had saddened me. 'It would sadden you more,' she continued, 'were you to know the history of the domestic wreck we have just left behind.'

'That is precisely what I intended to inquire of you.'

'It is a deeply affecting story; but'—and here the young lady blushed and hesitated:—'I think it would not be right in me to reveal it. I believe I am the only person existing who knows the truth; and the means by which I obtained my knowledge would be deemed scarcely correct, though not perhaps exactly dishonourable.'

This avowal sharpened my curiosity, and I intreated her to say at least how she became possessed of this story.

'To that there can be no objection,' was the reply. 'In one of my rambles over the old house, I espied in a small escritoire a packet of letters bound up in tape, which was sealed at the ends. The tape had, however, been eaten by moths, and the letters liberated from it. Female curiosity prompted me to read them, and they gave me a full exposition of our great-aunt's early history.'

During the rest of my stay in that part of the country, I never failed to urge my cousin to narrate the events which had brought Coote-down to its present melancholy plight. But it was not till I called to take leave of her, perhaps for ever, that she complied. On that occasion, she placed in my hands a neatly-written manuscript in her own handwriting, which she said contained all the particulars I required. Circumstances have since occurred that render it not indelicate in me to publish the narrative, which I do with but little alteration.

In the middle of the last century the proprietor of Coote-down was Charles James Hardman, to whom the estate lineally descended from a long line of ancestors. He was from his youth a person of an easy disposition, who minded very little, so that he could follow his ordinary amusements, and could see everybody around him contented; though his habits were too indolent to improve the condition of his dependents by any efforts of his own. At the age of twenty-five, he married the heiress of a baronet belonging to the northern side of the county. She was a beauty and a belle—a lady full of determination and spirit; consequently the very opposite to himself. She was, moreover, two years his senior. As was predicted by those who knew the couple intimately, the match was not productive of happiness, and they had been married scarcely a year and a half, when they separated. It appeared that this unpleasant step was solely the fault of the wife; and her father was so incensed at her rash conduct, that he altered his will, and left the whole of his property to Hardman. Meanwhile, it was given out that the lady had brought her lord a son, and it was hoped that this event would prove a means of reconciling the differences which existed between them. Despite all intreaties, however, Mrs Hardman refused to return to her husband's roof.

Ten years passed, and she lived so completely in retirement, that she deprived herself even of the society of her child; for when the period of nursing was over, she sent him to Coote-down Hall, where

he was educated. At the end of that period her father died; and, to her great disappointment, instead of finding herself uncontrolled mistress of a large fortune, she discovered it was so left, that unless she returned to her husband, she would be unable to benefit by it in the smallest degree. Mutual friends again interfered, and, after some difficulty, persuaded her to meet Hardman at her father's funeral, which she appeared to have no objection to attend. The happy result was, that a reconciliation took place, and she resumed her proper station as the lady of Coote-down Hall. It was, however, observed that, before she returned, the little son was sent away to continue his education in a foreign seminary.

Privy to all these arrangements, and in fact the chief mover in them, was Hardman's attorney. Such was the squire's indolence of disposition, that to this individual he confided everything; not only the management of his estates, the receipt and payment of all monies, but the arrangement of his most secret transactions. But, Mr Dodbury bearing the character of a highly just and honourable man, no suspicion ever existed that he abused the absolute, unbounded trust reposed in him in the slightest degree. Indeed, putting aside the native honesty of his character, his position in the district was so good, that it would have been very bad policy for him to jeopardise it by any abuse of the confidence reposed in him. Being the younger son of an ancient family, and a distant relation of Hardman, he was received in the best society. Dodbury was a widower, with an only daughter, an amiable and elegant girl. She was just budding into womanhood, when it was announced that the heir of Coote-down would shortly become of age, and that the event was to be celebrated with the utmost pomp. Many strange conjectures had for years been current to account for his being kept so long away from home; but they were partially silenced when it was known that the young man was on his way to his paternal roof.

Extensive preparations were made for his reception: all the tenantry not only of Coote-down, but those from the maternal estate near Ilfracombe, were invited to attend his debarkation at Dartmouth. The lawn, paddock, and parks, were strewn with tents for their accommodation, and refreshments of the most expensive kind were provided without limit. Several distinguished and noble friends of both families were invited to join in the festivities; and though every corner of Coote Hall, as well as the surrounding farm-houses, was made available for sleeping-room, yet there was not a bed to be had in Dartmouth a week before the day named in the invitations 'for love or money.' It appeared that the neglect which had been shown to young Hardman for so many years was to be atoned by the magnificence of the fête to celebrate his return.

Dodbury's share in managing the affairs of the family had declined every day since Mrs Hardman's resumption of her proper position as his patron's wife. She was a woman of strong intellect, and perfectly able to superintend what had been before so much neglected by her husband. She had an ambitious spirit, and Dodbury doubted not that the grand reception fête was organised for the purpose of carrying out some great project connected with her son.

The day of Herbert Hardman's arrival from France proved auspicious. It was a lovely day in the middle of June. When he landed at the village of Kingswear, opposite to Dartmouth, the fishermen saluted him with a discharge of all the firearms they could collect. His parents received him at the landing-place, his mother embracing him with every outward and public mark of affection. A long cavalcade followed the carriage in which he was conducted to Coote-down Hall, consisting of the tenantry, headed by the most distinguished of his father's guests.

At the entrance of the domain, new tokens of welcome presented themselves. The gates were plentifully adorned with flowers, and at a turn of the thickly-

wooded avenue, an arch of garlands was thrown across the path. The lawn was covered with lads and lasses from the surrounding farms, who, when Herbert appeared, set up a joyous cheer, whilst the drawing-room windows of the house were filled with ladies waving handkerchiefs.

The hall of the mansion was lined with servants, who obsequiously bowed as Herbert passed them. When he made his appearance in the drawing-room, there was almost a struggle amongst the ladies for the earliest honours of salutation. One maiden, however, stood apart, drinking in deeply the attestations of favour with which the heir of the estate was received, but too timid to share in, or to add to them. This was Miss Dodbury. The gentlemen, most of whom had accompanied Herbert from the landing-place, now joined the ladies; and Mr and Mrs Hardman entered the room amidst the hearty congratulations of their guests.

The fashionable dinner hour of that period was much earlier than at present, and but little time elapsed ere the important meal was announced. Mrs Hardman led forward a tall, handsome, but somewhat haughty-looking girl, whom she introduced to her son as the Lady Elizabeth Plympton, desiring him to lead her to the dining-room. She attentively watched Herbert's countenance, to observe what effect the damsel's beauty would create on him; but to her disappointment she saw that her son received her with no more than the politeness of a young gentleman who had been educated in France.

Nothing occurred during the day worthy of remark. The usual toasts and sentiments were drunk at the dinner-table, and the usual excesses committed; for at that time it was thought a mark of low breeding for a man to remain sober all the evening. Out of doors there were bullocks roasted whole, barrels of cider and butts of ale set constantly flowing, with dancing, cricket, and Devonshire skittles, and other country games and comforts, for the amusement of the peasantry.

About a fortnight after the rejoicings had subsided, Mrs Hardman, while conversing with her son on his future plans and prospects, startled him by inquiring whether he had formed any attachment during his residence in Paris? The young man hesitated for a short time, and declared that he had not; upon which Mrs Hardman asked, somewhat abruptly, what he thought of Lady Elizabeth Plympton?

'That,' returned Herbert, 'her ladyship is an extremely tall, handsome, proud girl, who would evidently glory more in breaking half-a-dozen hearts than in winning one.'

'Take care she does not break yours,' rejoined Mrs Hardman playfully.

'There is little fear of that, mother.'

Herbert was right. He had seen one of humble pretensions, but of unbounded worth, for whom he began to feel already a more than ordinary sentiment.

Months rolled past, and Herbert began to find his position at home far from agreeable. His father had sunk into a mere nonentity through his mother's superior energy. Hence, in her hands rested the happiness or misery of all connected with the household. It soon became evident that her grand project was to effect a marriage between Lady Elizabeth Plympton and Herbert; and when she found no inducement could warm her son's heart towards that lady, her conduct altered. From being kind and indulgent, she was exacting and imperious: an old and scarcely natural dislike of her son seemed to be re-awakened, and which she now took little pains to conceal. It was therefore to be expected that Herbert should spend as little of his time at home as possible. He became a frequent and welcome visitor to the happy and well-ordered house of the Dodburys.

The sharp eyes of the mother were not slow in detecting the attraction which drew Herbert so frequently to the lawyer's house. Though grievously disappointed, she was cautious. Nothing could be done at present; for, though her son was manifestly 'entangled,' yet no

overt declaration had been made, and there was nothing to act upon. She had the worldly foresight to know that opposition was food and fuel to a secret attachment, and abstained from giving grounds for the belief that so much as a suspicion lurked in her mind. In this way months rolled on, Herbert becoming more and more captivated. On the other hand, Miss Dodbury had striven against a passion with which she also had become inspired. Her father discouraged it, though tenderly and indirectly. It was a delicate matter for a man to interfere in, as no open disclosure had been made from either party; but this embarrassment, felt equally by the proud mother of the lover and the considerate father of the girl, was speedily but accidentally put an end to.

An equestrian party had been formed to see, from Berryhead, a large fleet which had been driven by a recent storm into Tor Bay. Mrs Hardman had purposely invited Catherine Dodbury, that she might observe her son's conduct towards that young lady, and extract from it a sufficient ground for taxing him openly with a preference for her over the belle she had chosen. It was a lovely day, and the party was all life and gaiety, as almost all such parties are; for nothing tends to raise the spirits so effectually as equestrian exercise.

Herbert laughed and chatted with the rest of the ladies, and seemed to pay no more attention to Catherine than was due to her as the belle of the party, which she was universally acknowledged to be. As, however, they passed over the drawbridge of the fort, built on the terminating point of the little promontory, they were obliged to dismount. Herbert offered Catherine his arm, and Mrs Hardman narrowly watched them. Her son said a few words in a low tone, which caused the colour to mount into the young lady's cheek; the listener overheard her reply—"Mr Hardman, it can, it must never be!" and withdrawing her arm from his, entered the fort unsupported. These words at once pleased and displeased the ambitious mother. The girl evidently did not encourage her son's suit—that favoured the Lady Elizabeth project; 'but,' thought Mrs Hardman, drawing herself up to her full height, 'does a lawyer's daughter reject the heir of the Hardmans?'

The truth is, Hardman, the night before, had declared his love; it was on the drawbridge that he pressed her to give him hopes; but her reply repressed rather than encouraged them.

The servants had brought the horses into the fort, that, mounted, the spectators might see over the ramparts the noble scene which lay before them to greater advantage. The fleet consisted of a number of merchant vessels, with a convoy of king's ships, which were just preparing to sail out of the bay. When the men-of-war had spread their canvas, and begun to move, a salute was fired, quite unexpectedly by the visitors, from the fort. Catherine's horse immediately took fright, and darted across the drawbridge with the speed of lightning. Herbert lost not a moment, but spurring his own steed, galloped away, taking a circuitous route, lest the clattering of his own horse's hoofs should impel Catherine's to run the faster. On she sped, and as long as she remained within sight, her friends trembled lest some frightful catastrophe should happen. Presently she darted out of view. Herbert, meanwhile, galloped to meet her, and at last succeeded; but, alas! when it was too late to render any assistance. On coming up, he found both the horse and its rider prostrate, the latter motionless and insensible. He lifted her from the ground, and took her into a neighbouring house. The usual restoratives were applied without effect, and it was not till a surgeon appeared and bled the patient that any signs of animation returned. It was discovered that the right arm and three of the ribs on the left side were fractured. It was necessary that the utmost quiet should be observed, lest any further and more dangerous injury might, unknown to the medical man, have taken place.

Though, therefore, the whole party assembled near

the house, they were not allowed to enter it. Herbert insisted upon remaining with the father, despite Mrs Hardman's repeated strictures on the impropriety of his doing so.

TRAITS OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

IN a former article we presented some snatches from Mr Wakefield's 'Adventures in New Zealand' relative to the scenery, produce, and capabilities of the country; we now glean some extracts illustrative of the manners and customs of the natives, and of their deportment towards the settlers. Amongst coloured races living in a state of barbarism, the New Zealanders are universally admitted to be pre-eminent both in physical development and in intellectual activity. They readily acquire the habits, modes of thinking, and arts of the white men; and consequently require to be treated with a candour and probity which would be disregarded by other savages. Bearing this characteristic in mind, the reader will be the better enabled to appreciate the observations and anecdotes of our youthful author.

The New Zealanders are very fond of joking, occasionally mingling with their wit the most pungent irony and sarcasm. In this way the early missionaries were frequently beguiled; mistaking ironical assertions for earnest intentions. It is to this characteristic also that we are to ascribe the prevalence of nicknames among the natives. The following is a pleasant instance of the propensity. 'During the time taken up in discussions, I had acquired a great many words of Maori, and began to understand a good deal, and make myself understood a little. I had become very good friends with the natives in various excursions ashore, and was designated by a nickname while here, which remained from this time my only name among them till I left the country. Some of the young people had made many attempts to pronounce "Edward Wakefield," on receiving an answer to their question as to my name. The nearest approach they could make to it was *Era Weke*, and some wag immediately suggested "*Tiraweke*," the name of a small bird which is very common in the woods, and known for its chattering propensities. As I had made it a point to chatter as much as possible with them, whether according to Maori grammar or not, they agreed that the sobriquet would do, and reported their invention at the pa. The old men and chiefs were not a bit behind their juniors in their hilarity and fondness for a joke, and never called me otherwise afterwards. They also christened Colonel Wakefield "*Wide-awake*," after some chief who had been so called by the flax-traders in former times; and this name also has clung to him ever since.'

The recent exhibitions of the Ojibbeway and Ioway Indians have rendered the public familiar with their war and other dances. It may not be uninteresting, by way of contrast, to learn how a war-dance and holiday is conducted by the savages on the other side of the globe. Such a fête took place on the day after the purchase of Port Nicholson. 'Canoes and parties on foot, glittering with their lately acquired red blankets and muskets, were all closing in upon the place of rendezvous; fresh smoke rose every moment on shore as a new oven was prepared for the feast; and Warepori and the other chiefs, who had slept on board, went on shore early to make the necessary preparations, accompanied by our carpenter, who was to superintend the erection of a small tree which the natives had procured for the purpose, as a flag-staff, close to the Pitone pa or native village. In the afternoon, on a signal from the shore, we landed in our boats with all the cabin party, and all the sailors that could be spared, to take part in the rejoicings. We were joyfully received by the assemblage, which consisted of about three hundred men, women, and children. Of these, two hundred were men, and had armed themselves with the hundred and twenty muskets they had received from us, spears, tomahawks, pointed sticks,

stone and wooden clubs, &c. Even a dozen umbrellas, which had formed part of the payment, figured in the ranks as conspicuously as the emperor of Morocco's son's parasol has figured in more recent battalions. Every one was dressed in some of the new clothes; their heads were neatly arranged, and ornamented with feathers of the albatross or huia; handsome mats hung in unison with the gay petticoats of the women and the new blankets of the warriors; the latter were bedizened with waistcoats and shirts, and belted with cartouch-boxes and shot-belts. It was high holiday with everybody; and a universal spirit of hilarity prevailed among the excited multitude.

Warepori was dressed in a large hussar cloak belonging to my uncle, to which he had taken a fancy, and brandished a handsome greenstone meri. His party having seated themselves in ranks, he suddenly rose from the ground and leaped high into the air with a tremendous yell. He was instantly imitated by his party, who sprang out of their clothes as if by magic, and left them in bundles on the ground. They then joined in a measured guttural song recited by their chief, keeping exact time by leaping high at each louder intonation, brandishing their weapons with the right hand, and slapping the thigh with the left as they came heavily upon the ground. The war-song warmed as it proceeded. Though still in perfect unison, they yelled louder and louder, leaped higher and higher, brandished their weapons more fiercely, and dropped with the smack on the thigh more heavily as they proceeded, till the final spring was accompanied by a concluding whoop which seemed to penetrate one's marrow. After this preparatory stimulant, the two parties ran down to the beach, and took up positions facing each other at about two hundred yards' distance. They then repeated the dance, and at its conclusion, the two parties passed each other at full speed, firing their guns as they ran, and took up a fresh position nearer to each other. Many of the women had joined in the wildest part of the dance, yelling and grimacing with as demoniacal a frenzy as any of the men.

Barbarously joyous and gay as these holiday warriors undoubtedly were, we have only to turn to their dwellings to perceive the thorough abjectness of uncivilised life. In the native villages there are always two kinds of houses, the *ware puni*, or 'house of rest,' and the *ware umu*, or 'oven house.' The former are exceedingly low, and covered with earth, on which weeds very often grow. They resemble in shape and size a hotbed with the glass off. A small square hole at one end is the only passage for light or air. I intended to creep into one of them to examine it; but had just got my head in, and was debating within myself by what snake-like evolution I should best succeed in getting my body to follow, when I was deterred by the intense heat and intolerable odour from proceeding. Many of them no doubt are much larger and more commodious. They are all, however, built on the same principle, of keeping in the animal heat, and are therefore most repulsive to a European. Some of them have their front wall removed back three feet from the front of the roof. In this case a nice airy veranda is formed, which makes a very good sleeping-place. The *ware umu*, or 'oven-houses,' have open walls, built of upright sticks at intervals of an inch or two. They have thatched roofs to protect the cooks and the store of firewood, which is generally piled up inside in rainy weather. The open walls let out the smoke, and let in the air, and these kitchens are therefore much more adapted than the others for the bedroom of a traveller. At this time, too, the natives, although most of them professing Christianity, had by no means divested themselves of many of their ancient superstitions; one of which was a positive interdiction against the very presence of food or drink in a *ware puni*. To light a pipe from the fire inside was considered equally sacrilegious. In order to avoid the inconvenience of these restrictions, and yet refrain from offending against any of the customs which I found

still revered by my kind hosts, I therefore found it much better to take up my abode in a *ware umu* or *ware kauta*, both which names apply to the kitchens. Here I had only to avoid one thing; namely, the hanging of food overhead; for this also is a terror, and, if done intentionally, a grievous offence to the Maori anywhere.

Having taken this survey of the New Zealander's bedroom and kitchen, we may as well glance at his mode of cooking, upon which even English gourmands have bestowed the most unqualified eulogiums. 'The maori "umu," or cooking-hole, is a very complete steaming apparatus, and is used as follows:—In a hole scraped in the ground, about three feet in diameter and one foot deep, a wood fire is first lighted. Round stones, about the size of a man's fist, are heaped upon the fagots, and fall among the ashes as the fire consumes the wood. When they are thus nearly red-hot, the cook picks out any pieces of charcoal that may appear above the stones, turns all the stones round with two sticks, and arranges them so as to afford a pretty uniform heat and surface. She then sprinkles water on the stones from a dried gourd, of which the inside has been hollowed, and a copious steam rises. Clean grass, milk-thistle, or wild turnip leaves dipped in water, are laid on the stones; the potatoes, which have been carefully scraped of their peel with cockle-shells, and washed, are placed on the herbs, together with any birds, meat, or fish that may be included in the mess; fresh herbs are laid over the food, flax baskets follow, completely covering the heap, and the mass is then buried with the earth from the hole. No visible steam escapes from the apparatus, which looks like a large mole-hill; and when the old hags—who know how to time the cookery with great accuracy, from constant practice—open the catacombs, everything is sure to be found thoroughly and equally cooked.'

It is well known that New Zealand has no native quadrupeds of any importance—the pig, ox, and horse, all being recent imports. The first horse was landed at Port Nicholson in 1840. Mr Wakefield, in 1841, rode from Wellington to Wangani, and mark the consternation of the natives at the sight of this novel import. 'They fled yelling in all directions, without looking behind them; and as fast as I galloped past those who were running across the sandy flat, and up the steep path leading to the pa of Tihoe, they fairly lay down on their faces, and gave themselves up for lost. Half way up the hill I dismounted, and they plucked up courage to come and look at the *kuri nui*, or "large dog." The most amusing questions were put to me as to its habits and disposition. "Can he talk?" said one; "Does he like boiled potatoes?" said another; and a third, "Mustn't he have a blanket to lie down upon at night?" This unbounded respect and admiration lasted all the time that I remained. The horse was taken into the central courtyard of the pa; a dozen hands were always offering him Indian corn, and grass, and sow-thistles, when they had learned what he really did eat; and a wooden bowl full of water was kept constantly replenished close to him; and little knots of curious observers sat round the circle of his tether-ropes, remarking, and conjecturing, and disputing about the meaning and intention of every whisk of his tail or shake of his ears.'

In Mr Wakefield's narrative we find graphic accounts of tattooing, native burial, hospitality, and the like; but these we pass by for more interesting matter; namely, his account how a Scotch emigrant farmer dealt with and overcame the obstructions of the natives. Bell had located at Wangani, built a house, stocked a garden, and was clearing his land. 'During the progress of the ploughing, E Waka used to come and watch, and keep walking by the side of the old farmer, telling him he should plough no more. But Bell pretended not to understand him, and smiled at him, and jee'd the bullocks, and warned E Waka to get out of the way of them when they turned, and ploughed on. E Waka got furious; but Bell wouldn't look a bit frightened, and told him he didn't understand him: "He must go to the boys,"

meaning his own sons; "they'd talk Maori to him;" and he yeed the bullocks, and ploughed on. The patience of E Waka soon got exhausted, and he retired sulkily towards the house, after putting in some pegs a few yards beyond where Bell had got to, pointing to that as his ultimatum. And while the goodwife gave him a large mass of bread and milk, or a smoking dish of pork and potatoes, and the sons and daughters chatted good-humouredly to him while they built a pigsty or put up a stock-yard, old Bell was ploughing on. And E Waka ate and smoked, and basked in the sun, wondering at the industry of the pakeha, till he got sleepy, and crept back to his village for the day.

"The next morning, however, he would be a-foot pretty early, to besiege the pakeha maro, or "hard white man," as he called him. But he was never early enough; and the first sight that met his eyes was always his *bête noire*—the team of bullocks, and the old man trudging steadily along the fresh furrows. E Waka would begin by looking for his pegs, and hunt about for a long while, grumbling and puzzling, before he found out that the plough must have gone over them some hours ago, if not the evening before. And while he was hunting, the plough sped quietly on. Then came the remonstrance, and the shrug of the shoulders, and the fury, and the good-humoured indifference, and the reference to the boys, and the meal, and the sleepiness, and the return home, and the careful pegging of the ground as before. The same story over again! No patience could stand it. Old Bell and the team went on—slow, sure, and regular as the course of the sun.

"And besides, on one occasion when E Waka had brought a large troop of attendants, and threatened to commit some violence, the old man had called his stalwart sons to his side, and taking up a spade or a ploughshare, had said, in broad Scotch, while his resolute looks and prepared attitude interpreted his words into a universally-intelligible language—"Dinna ye think to touch a thing that's here noo; for if ye do, by the God that's abune us, I'll cleave ye to the grund! A bargain's a bargain; I've paid ye richt and fair, and I'll gar ye keep to it." And then E Waka would look frightened, and begin to think his good daily meal was better than a blow of old Bell's weapon, and peace was soon restored.

"And when the ploughing was done, the planting potatoes was too amusing to be interfered with, for they ridiculed the idea of expecting any crop from potatoes cut into small pieces. "Bide and see," said the old man; and they waited with anxiety for the time of crop; and the report spread far and wide that the old pakeha with the cows was very good and brave and industrious, but that he was certainly gone *porangi*, or "mad," for he had cut up his seed potatoes before he put them in. "Poor old man!" they said; "his troubles must have turned his head—such a very absurd idea!" But the crop came better than their own from whole potatoes; and they stared, and found that the foolish old man could teach them some lessons in growing food, and they soon honoured him as much for his knowledge as they had learned to stand in awe of his courage and resolution.

"And though they have not yet allowed him to use the whole of his section, he has now fifty acres under plough cultivation, sows grain and grass-seed enough to Wellington to pay for the luxuries which his family require, owns several cows and a flock of sheep, calls himself the "Laird of Wanganui," and gives harvest-home festivals. He talked of buying a horse, and caring for no man, when I last saw him.

"But, unfortunately, all settlers have not the admirable qualities of William Gordon Bell, who has indeed shown a great example of success against the numerous difficulties which staggered lesser men."

As a counterpart to the conduct of E Waka, we may transcribe our author's picture of the chief of Herowenua:—"Watanui was perhaps one of the native chiefs who best appreciated the value of the white man's

presence and brotherhood. He had adopted the Christian faith very warmly, and without in the least injuring his authority, for either he himself or his second son always read the prayers and enforced the performance of the Christian observances. He had always adopted a great degree of civilisation. His house and clothes were always kept scrupulously clean; he and all his family wore clean clothes, and washed with soap in the stream every morning. The cooking was attended to with great care, and the food was always served up on carefully-scrubbed tin plates. In short, whenever I spent an hour at this little village, I felt that it was the residence of a gentleman. There was a quiet unobtrusive dignity in the well-regulated arrangements of the whole establishment. The slaves did their work without orders and without quabbling; a harsh word was hardly ever heard. Every one vied in a tacit wish that the old gentleman should be comfortable; and it was pleasing to see him sitting in the house almost always surrounded by some of his family—the men all well shaved and combed, the women in clean frocks and blankets—busy at some sewing or other work; while his son or his daughter-in-law would be kindly teaching him to write on a slate. I remember how proud he was when he could write his name, and with what genuine kindness he pointed out his son Tommy's wife as having succeeded in teaching him. The family of Watanui, so united and homely, were indeed a notable instance of the success of Mr Hadfield's sweet and gentle teaching."

All the New Zealanders, however, were neither E Wakas nor Watanuis. Some were jealous and troublesome, others treacherous and bloodthirsty; many idle, and inclined to loiter with the white settler; but the great majority, it must be owned, were active, intelligent, and given to trade and barter. On the whole, they are vastly superior to the other Polynesian natives, and, if properly dealt with, appear more likely to amalgamate with the white settler.

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY LIFE.

At the present time, when the subject of education is so eagerly and universally discussed, it is thought that a sketch of English university life will be acceptable to the readers of this Journal. As the writer is a member of the university of Cambridge, reference will be made principally to it in particular; but his remarks will occasionally be applicable to Oxford also.

The university of Cambridge consists of seventeen colleges, each of which is perfectly independent of the others, has its own master, fellows, tutors, and lecturers, and its yearly or half-yearly examinations of its own students, who are rewarded from the funds of the college. These rewards consist either of an annual emolument, such as scholarships, sizars, exhibitions; or are given in the form of books, silver cups, &c. No college, however, has the power of conferring a degree. This is the office of the university as a collective body.

Each college furnishes, in proportion to its size, members of the ruling body—the senate. The examiners for public or university (as distinguished from college or private) examinations, are chosen by the senate, and are always at least of the standard of master of arts.

I will now describe the mode of admission to the university. Suppose you have fixed on what college you would wish to belong to, you write to the tutor of that college, and send a certificate signed by some master of arts; which certificate is generally to the purport that he has known you a certain time, and can testify to your moral character. With this you also send your caution money, which amounts to £10 if you enter as a sizar, to £15 if as pensioner, £25 if as fellow-commoner, or to £50 if a nobleman. Some colleges also

require a certificate of baptism.* If you are poor, you will probably enter yourself at a college where there are plenty of sizarships; that is, certain emoluments. The obtaining of these is in some colleges a matter of interest, but in others requires you to pass an examination with other competitors, and the vacancies are filled up by the most meritorious. If money is no object, you enter as a pensioner (take care the name does not mislead you, for no pension will you receive). Of this class are the great majority of the students.

If you are of wealthy family, or allied to nobility, you will enter as fellow-commoner, and have the pleasure of dining with the fellows of your college, be excused, at certain colleges, lectures and other duties to a great extent, and, moreover, be entitled to wear a more gaudy gown than your fellow-students. Pensioners and sizars differ chiefly in name. It often happens that those who, from want of ability or previous training, fail to obtain sizarships, remain as pensioners—of course at greater expense. The time of entry is generally from January to June, and you get into residence in the October following. If you have entered at either of the large colleges—Trinity or St John's—you will probably be obliged to go into lodgings in the town, owing to there being no rooms vacant in college. Of these there are a very great number licensed by the university authorities; and you must not take any lodgings but such as are licensed. However, any respectable person can obtain a license, the only object of licensing being to prevent people of improper character from setting up as lodging-house-keepers. At the small colleges, and sometimes at Trinity and St John's, there are generally rooms vacant, into which you enter as soon as you arrive. The suite of apartments generally consists of three rooms—a bedroom, a sitting-room (or keeping-room, as it is called), and a gyp-room—which is a sort of pantry or closet for all sorts of purposes.

You are waited on by a woman, who goes by the name of bed-maker, although, in fact, bed-making is only a very small part of her duty. She lights your fire, brings as much bread and butter (or commons) from the college butteries as you order, lays your breakfast things, fills your kettle, dusts your keeping-room, and then goes off to perform similar offices for the rest of her masters, of whom each bed-maker has seven or eight. She comes again to clear away; and so on three or four times in the day, to set your tea things, &c. Dinner she does not prepare, as you dine in the college hall at four o'clock. In fact she has nothing at all to do with cooking; you prepare your own breakfast, make your tea yourself, and live, in short, a thorough bachelor's life. The bed-makers are generally the wives of respectable artisans in the town. Some interest is required to obtain the place; and youth is, for obvious reasons, no recommendation.

I will suppose that you have just arrived, and called on your tutor. He will take you, and send his servant with you round the college, show you the vacant rooms, of which, if you are an early comer, you will have your choice; if others have been before you, you must take what you can get. The different sets of rooms vary considerably in rent, according to size, condition, situation, &c. Those who can afford the expense, and require a great deal of waiting upon, hire a 'gyp'; that is, a manservant.† Hardly any, however, have a gyp entirely to themselves, but are content with the services of one who, like the bed-makers, has several other masters. In the first few interviews with the tutor, you will learn what are your college duties. Every college has its chapel, in which the prayers are read morning and evening, the hours being generally seven in the morning and six in the evening. You will be obliged to keep nine 'chapels' a-week, two on Sunday counting

for three. The mode of ascertaining your presence is by marking. In the large colleges, three or four men stand in the ante-chapel with lists of the men in their hands, and make a mark opposite your name as you go in. In some small colleges, the marking is done by one man, who goes into the chapel and marks as the service is going on; a much less reverent process than the other. The college gates are closed at ten o'clock, after which you cannot go out; and there is a small fine for coming in after ten. If you are after twelve o'clock, your name is sent in by the porter to the dean, and you will have to suffer a reprimand. To come in after one o'clock, and especially to stay out all night, is a very grave offence, and is punished with great severity.

The dean's office is to look after the morals of the men, and punish all kinds of irregularity. The chief items of offence are, neglecting chapel, and coming in late, or, still worse, staying out all night. Of punishments there are all grades, from simple reprimanding to expulsion from the university. For the first two or three offences, or for occasional irregularity, in men who are generally steady, he only sends a message; the marker in hall comes up to you and says, 'The dean requests you will keep nine chapels'; which is a warning that the dean is on the look-out for your delinquencies. 'Gating,' being restricted liberty, is a heavier visitation. If you are 'gated' for ten o'clock, you must be in college before ten; that is, your privilege of being out till twelve or one is taken away. If you are 'gated' for six o'clock, you must be in and not go out after six o'clock; and so on. Such restrictions are a great annoyance to the 'rowing men' (not boating men, but men fond of a row, otherwise called *fast men*), for it puts a stop to all supper parties, unless, indeed, in their own college. 'Breaking gates'—that is, coming in after the time—is a serious offence. 'Walling' is the *ne plus ultra* of 'gating'; for by it you are confined to the college walls, beyond which you must not go.

'Rustication,' or temporary exclusion, is one of the final edicts of college law. A man may be rusticated—that is, sent down into the country—for any period, according to the magnitude of his offence. The general term of rustication is for a year; sometimes, however, it extends to two or three years, or even for ever. This last, or rustication *sine die*, is only a milder mode of expulsion, the difference between them being this—a man who is expelled from the university is rendered in some degree infamous. He cannot enter the church or any liberal profession, such as law or physic; neither can he enter at Oxford or Dublin, nor any Scotch university. Rustication *sine die* is a milder mode of getting rid of a man. He is cut off for ever from his own university, but may enter any other, or engage in law, &c.

There are other intermediate and different modes of punishment for various offences. At some colleges, you are required to dine in hall five times a-week, and always on Sunday. During the Newmarket races you must appear in hall every day. The object of this is to prevent the sporting students from attending the races, which, as they take place only twelve miles from Cambridge, might be conveniently done, were the men not obliged to be back by four o'clock. Yet as it is, numbers of them contrive to do it; and you will see the grooms standing ready to take their horses, and others with caps and gowns (you dine in hall with your gown on), ready for them to go into hall directly they get back. What the dean is in the college, the same to a great extent is the proctor in the university. There are two proctors elected every year, and two pro-proctors to assist them. Their office is to search all houses of ill-fame; and if any university-man is found there, he is at their mercy. Drunkenness, talking with girls on the street, and such misbehaviour, as well as all breaches of university discipline, are under their cognisance. Smoking on the streets is forbidden.

The next point to be explained is the course of study.

There are two classes of students: those who are

* At Trinity college they examine previously to admission.

† For this the permission of parents is necessary.

reading for honours, and those who merely wish to get their degree with the least possible work. It is perfectly optional to which class you belong. A great many who begin with reading for honours get tired, or find that, from insufficient previous preparation, they are unable to compete successfully with others. They then give up their first intentions, and at last offer themselves as candidates for what is termed the 'ordinary degree of B.A.' (Bachelor of Arts). The others, or honour men, or candidates for honours, take what is called an 'extraordinary degree'; that is, not, as might be supposed, the degree of M.A., or Master of Arts, which all are entitled to take at the end of three years, but a high place in the list of mathematical or of classical honours.

Every one who is a candidate for the degree of B.A. must pass an examination. Candidates for the ordinary degree—who, on account of their being rather the larger class, are called *poll-men*, from a Greek word meaning 'the many'—are examined in one Greek and one Latin author, the Greek Testament, Paley's Moral Philosophy, and a little elementary mathematics. The subjects are fixed, and every one knows what he has to prepare. The selected Latin and Greek authors, however, vary every year, as also the parts of Paley; but these things are made public two years or so before the time of examination. The examination for honours is very different.

The subjects of examination here embrace nearly the whole extent of present mathematical science. From Euclid and arithmetic, the course extends up to the highest branches of physical astronomy and the theories of light and heat, and comprises algebra; trigonometry, plane and spherical; conic sections, and application of algebra to geometry; geometries of three dimensions; differential and integral calculus, including differential equations and calculus of variations; elementary mechanics; analytical statics and dynamics; hydrostatics; optics, including the undulatory theory; plane astronomy, and lunar and planetary theories. No one knows beforehand what questions will be proposed in any of these subjects.

If a man intends to be a candidate for classical honours, he is required to become previously a candidate for mathematical honours, and to obtain a place in the list. If he is rejected (as several first-rate classics almost every year are), he cannot go into the classical examination; and this, as might be expected, is a source of extreme vexation and perpetual complaint amongst the classics of the university.

Those who are sufficiently acquainted with mathematics to pass this ordeal—and many every year take high places in both—are at liberty to offer themselves for the classical examination, which consists of selections from Greek and Latin authors to be translated into English, and English prose or poetry to be turned into Greek or Latin, besides numerous critical and historical questions.

To prepare the men for these final examinations, each college has its lectures, which are of all degrees of merit, according to the ability of the lecturer and his aptitude for teaching. The lecturers are almost always selected from the fellows of the college; and accordingly those colleges whose fellows are the best mathematicians or classics have the best lectures. Trinity and St John's, on account of the high standard required to obtain a fellowship in them, are the best off in this respect. The lectures last for one hour, and are generally given from eight o'clock in the morning till nine, from nine to ten, or from ten to eleven; each college having different lectures for different sets of men, according to their proficiency. No lectures are given in the evening. Here, again, most people will be apt to make a mistake. The word *lecture* is not an appropriate one; for these so-called lectures are in fact *examinations*, interspersed certainly with an explanation now and then; but their main feature is examination. We shall suppose it is a mathematical lecture.

The tutor gives out a number of questions on the particular subject he is lecturing on; these questions you write down, and spend the rest of the hour in answering them on paper. The examinations often range beyond university subjects.

The reader will naturally enough think that if the lectures are thus conducted, there is not much scope for the display of ability on the part of the lecturer. But a good man at explanation will always evince it somehow or other in his lecture; either by going over the subject before he gives out his questions, or by looking over the papers of the students carefully, and correcting any mistakes into which they may have fallen. A really good lecturer, however, is a rarity in Cambridge. Classical lectures are of course on a different plan. There each man is called upon in turn to translate a portion of the book which happens to be the subject of examination, and is asked grammatical and historical questions on it.

These lectures are the only mode in which the student receives instruction from the college. One of the most important features, however, in university education remains to be described. I allude to the private tutors.

There are very few, indeed, of the reading-men (or, in fact, of the poll-men either) who do not engage a private tutor. Some, of course, mathematical, others classical, and a few reading with both a mathematical and classical tutor. These tutors are generally men who have taken the highest honours in mathematics or classics. They are totally independent of the college, though a great number of them are fellows of their respective colleges, and reside in college. Their pupils go to them every day, or every other day, just as the pupil chooses, paying accordingly. The charge is fixed by custom at L.7 a term for a half pupil, and L.14 for a whole pupil. As I have mentioned the word 'term' here, and as there may be some who do not exactly know the meaning of it, I may as well state that it is that period during which the student is obliged to reside in Cambridge. Men are often allowed, however, to 'keep' half terms; that is, are compelled to reside for half a term. The times at which the terms commence and end may be found in any almanac. The term in which the student generally comes up for the first time is the Michaelmas, which begins October 10, and ends December 16. Then there is a vacation till the 13th of January, when he must come up again during the Lent term, which, being dependent on Easter, is of uncertain length. Then comes another vacation of about three weeks, at the end of which he must come up and reside till the middle of the Easter term, about the end of May or beginning of June. There is a peculiarity in this term which, so far as college business and residence is concerned, actually ends at the division, although in the almanacs you will find its nominal end to be in July.

Then comes the long vacation, or, as it is briefly called here, 'the long,' which lasts between four and five months; so that, on the whole, the student is not obliged to reside in Cambridge more than half the year. A great number, however, whose homes are distant, or who think they can read better or live more agreeably in Cambridge, remain up during the shorter vacations; but in the long vacation there are comparatively few, and those chiefly hard-reading men, who cannot afford to be without the assistance of their private tutor for so long a time. There are, however, reading parties formed very often, who start off for some watering-place or attractive spot, such as the Isle of Wight, Jersey, Wales, and even the Highlands of Scotland. The charge for reading as half pupil during 'the long' is L.15; L.30 if you go every day to the tutor. As may be readily supposed, the tutor, tired of the monotony of Cambridge life, is not unwilling to join four or five equally weary undergraduates in one of these pleasant excursions, or perhaps a tour on the continent, whereby recreation may be mixed with duty. Sometimes, if report speaks true, these reading parties end with less profit to the student than is anticipated.

The mode of teaching adopted by the private tutors is similar to that of the college lecturers; namely, by giving the pupils papers of questions on the subjects they have been reading, and then looking over the answers, and explaining any errors into which they may have fallen; suggesting better methods; and in mathematics, giving examples and problems illustrative of the different theories, so as to test the pupil's knowledge of the subject, and to prepare him for similar problems in the college examination papers, and also those given in the senate-house.

A great deal of a man's success depends on the character of his private tutor. If he is careless and indifferent to the progress of his pupils, or if he is not qualified for his office by the possession of thorough knowledge, united with a clear manner of explaining difficulties, his services will be of little value. One mistake seems to be especially prevalent amongst the students in their choice of a private tutor; and that is, looking out solely for one who took a high degree, without ever stopping to inquire into his qualifications as a teacher. The writer is acquainted with numberless instances in which this folly meets with its natural consequences. The senior wrangler, or second, third, fourth wrangler, as it may be, is found out to be either a careless man, or, more frequently, a man totally incapable of explaining, or at any rate a very bad hand at it. In consequence of this mania for high wranglers, there are several tutors completely blocked up with pupils: there is no possibility, by stinting the other pupils of their proper attention, of cramming in another pupil. The ill effects of one tutor having more pupils than he can manage are very evident. Many of them, too, have no idea of arranging the time to be given to each pupil, and there is, consequently, endless confusion and grumbling. Of course there are some who, to the highest attainments, unite also great perspicuity in explanation. Such are deservedly popular. There is one senior wrangler in particular, whose admirable arrangement of his pupils, and facilities of communicating his own profound acquirements, have for the last six or seven years made him the best college tutor, as well as the best private tutor, in the university.

The great object of the tutor is to prepare his men for the college or senate-house examination. As the number of subjects introduced into those examinations is very great (which may be seen from the list given above), so great, indeed, that only those who are very well prepared before entering the university are able to read them all, it is a primary object to read only those subjects, and those parts of a subject, which will 'pay' well in these examinations. It is therefore not so much the object to study fully any one department of mathematical science, as to select from each those portions in which the student is most likely to be examined. Whatever is learnt, however, must be learnt thoroughly. If there is any place in the world where rigid accuracy is required, it is in Cambridge. No superficial notions or 'half-baked' ideas will do the possessor any service. What is done must be done well. And yet the system has many serious disadvantages connected with it.

This picking and choosing necessarily involves the following evils. The student is hurried from subject to subject at such a rate, that he has no time to get interested in any one. Now, unless a man is interested in any science, it is very questionable whether he will ever attain a thorough knowledge of it; and he will certainly never make any discoveries in it. I will suppose that you come up with no preparation, or a very slender one—such as, having read your Euclid and algebra. Your private tutor marks in your book those portions which are likely 'to be set'—that is, in which you will probably be examined—and you go day after day to him for a paper of questions on the parts thus marked out. You must write out the answers to all these questions in your tutor's room, with perfect accuracy; and you must go over the ground in this way so often, that you are certain of being able to do

the same in the college examination. When you have thus finished your algebra, your tutor will not allow you to delay any longer over that, but makes you begin plane trigonometry, marking out as before in the book those portions most likely to be set; and so on through the whole course, or as great a part of it as you have time to get through—the object in all this plainly being, not so much to gain a knowledge of the science, as to answer certain questions in that science. The consequence is, not one in a hundred ever gets any love of science for its own sake by this process of study. Those who have any love of it, had it before they came to college. The majority, however, even of those who rank high in the list of wranglers, give up all scientific pursuit as soon as they leave college. The hopes of a fellowship, or the necessity of gaining a living by private tutoring, or as public schoolmasters, has been their sole inducement to make the efforts they have made; and as soon as the stimulus ceases, the work stops. It has long been a matter of surprise to the public, that of scientific inventions, or literary works in general, so small a portion should belong to men educated at the universities. Oxford does not pretend to teach science; and it appears from what has been said, that Cambridge teaches it in a very unattractive way. For the correctness of my assertions, I would appeal to any reader who is acquainted with the university: the inferences of course are my own.* There are a few who come up so well prepared, that they are able to enter more fully into the respective branches of the science, and to acquire an interest in them independent of extraneous circumstances. But these are extremely rare. The generality flag away in a sort of apathetic indifference to anything but the reward. This state of things is partly occasioned by the nature of the treatises in use at Cambridge, nearly all of which are deficient in elementary instruction, and easy examples. They may be considered as synopses of the subjects of which they treat, the deficiencies being expected to be supplied by the lecturers and private tutors. Many of them are perfectly unintelligible without such assistance. The works of Dr Hymers are, upon the whole, an exception to this remark, and also those of Dr Whewell. It may occur to the reader to ask what is done by the university professors? There are professors of mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, geology, &c.; but their lectures are attended almost exclusively by those who have taken their degree. Most of them are, I believe, good lecturers; but they are useless, and in fact not intended for the undergraduate, who, generally speaking, has neither time nor money to spend on them.

I have dwelt longer on these points, because of their importance to the progress of knowledge, and the

* A Cambridge gentleman favours us (editors) with the following note upon the above paragraphs. We insert his remarks for the purpose of showing what may be said on the opposite side, though we do not coincide in his opinions:—

'The accuracy which the writer describes as required in examinations and by tutors, is surely one of the best possible methods of disciplining the mind to accuracy in reasoning and everything else—the very advantage which mathematical studies have always been supposed to possess beyond all others. It is not to be expected or desired that every one should turn out an Alvey or a Herschel; but I utterly deny that such men as Lyndhurst, Alderson, Biot, Boscovich, Jacob, Pollock, Tindall, Sedgwick, bishops without end, &c.—all men who have taken high honours, and submitted to this drudgery, as the writer describes it—have not received the greatest advantage from the training to accuracy of reasoning in their various professions, in which they have become eminent, from the course of study and mind-strengthening undergone in the universities. It is preposterous to assert that those only derive advantages in after life from university studies who have continued to make those identical studies their profession. I certainly think that much more good is done, as far as discipline of the mind is concerned, by a brief and general course of reading, accurately followed, than by loosely rambling over a subject which happens to take the fancy. There is some truth in these observations about picking pieces "likely to be set," as applied to the lower men; but all the better ones read what may be called *connected* selections, and I do not think, if these selections are well made, the plan at all stands in the way of acquiring a large extent of useful knowledge.'

misapprehensions, or rather ignorance, which prevails with regard to them. People who have not the advantage of a university education, are very apt to overrate it, and to fancy that, were they 'at the seat of learning,' they should, almost of necessity, become learned. They think, too, that if they could devote their whole time to reading, their progress would be proportionally rapid. This is a very great mistake. Experience in this, as in all other things, is the only way to convince men of their error. The mind gets tired and sick of being confined to one pursuit, especially the dry, uninteresting, and even repulsive course of Cambridge 'cramming'; and not a year passes without adding its victims to the drudgery undergone by men in the way I have described. Not one in fifty, even of the reading men at Cambridge, have any notion of science as anything but a 'bore,' a 'nuisance,' or a 'seedy thing,' such being terms in use at Cambridge. No wonder that Cambridge is taking no part in the onward movement of the age. The reason is easily given; it offers no inducements but pecuniary ones, and those very small, for the cultivation of science; and it moreover exhibits science in a form anything but amiable. The undergraduate thinks only of the situation he may obtain by his degree, and the fellow thinks only of the college-living he may become entitled to at some period of his life. While such a system lasts, the present extensive dissatisfaction with our universities must continue.

Three years and three months is the time the student has to reside before he can obtain his degree. The public examination at the end of his course has been mentioned already: there is another public—or university—examination about the middle of the three years, which is indispensable for all. It is called by the university the 'previous examination,' but passes generally by the name of the 'little go,' or 'small,' in contradistinction to the final one, or the 'great go.' There are no mathematics required in it. One of the gospels in Greek, one Greek and one Latin author, are annually selected—besides which there are certain portions of Paley's Evidences and the Old Testament history. These are the subjects of examination. The place of examination is the senate-house. It may as well be mentioned here, that all university (and most college) examinations are conducted by means of printed papers of questions, which have not been seen by any one but the examiners, till they are placed before the persons to be examined. Nothing is allowed but pen, ink, and paper. A certain time is allowed for answering the questions, and at the end of that time no one is permitted to write a syllable more. Part of the 'little go' examination consists, however, of *viva voce* translations and questions. In the final one, all is done in writing. The strictest impartiality is generally observed; I may say always, so far as regards the final mathematical examination; and the cases of partiality in the others are extremely rare. Complaints on this score are scarcely ever heard. I believe that, in the most important ones, the examiners have to take an oath that they will do strict and impartial justice; and very seldom, indeed, is any one found who does not acquiesce in their decision in his own case as well as in others. Of course there is a good deal of speculation beforehand as to what questions are likely to be set, and much grumbling at hard papers, or at the short time allowed for a long paper.

When a man is rejected at an examination he is said to be 'plucked.' You will often hear it said of an idle or stupid man who is going in to an examination, 'he is a dead pluck,' meaning he is sure not to pass it. Those who are plucked either at the 'little' or 'great go' must try their luck again. There are cases in which men get so disgusted at repeated failures, that they leave the university in despair.

The candidates for honours at the final examination are arranged by the examiners, after looking over their answers to the questions proposed, in three classes, ac-

cording to merit. Those in the first class are termed Wranglers, those in the second Senior Optimes, and those in the third Junior Optimes. There are some who have not merit enough to be classed at all, who yet are allowed their degree, and these are said to be 'in the gulf.' The last Junior Optime is called the Wooden Spoon.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

INFLUENCE OF NEWLY-BUILT HOUSES ON HEALTH.

Dr REIDEL of Berlin, in a paper of great merit and interest, has recently directed attention to the injurious influence of newly-built houses on the health and life of their occupiers. After mentioning the intimate connexion kept up between the external air and the human organisation, through the medium of the skin and lungs, he refers to experience to show the slow and dangerous diseases to which inhabitants of such houses are exposed, and considers it therefore to be the duty of the sanitary police to remove or check those evils by means of prohibitory measures. It is well known that the atmosphere is composed of nitrogen, oxygen, and carbonic acid, in certain definite proportions, and that less or more of invisible vapour is always dissolved in it. Anything which tends to derange this normal composition must be injurious to the human system; and it is Dr Reidel's object to show that newly-built apartments are a fertile source of such derangement. *First*, In new houses there is generally an increased proportion of water in the atmosphere which we breathe. This arises from the wooden materials, which may be too new and damp; from the stone-work, which only becomes dry after long exposure; or from the materials used for cementing the stones, and for colouring and varnishing the walls. The walls of those houses remain damp longest which have been plastered immediately after their completion, because the dried lime forms an external layer very difficult of penetration. As accidental causes, which may render houses damp, it is necessary to mention wet weather when building, damp situations, large cellars, and enclosure by other high edifices, which prevent the free access of sun and wind. *Second*, The proportion of carbonic acid is diminished by the mortar which attracts it from the air; it may also be attracted by certain colours, such as those containing acetate of copper. No direct injury would, however, be caused by the diminution of carbonic acid, as it belongs to the matters given off by the lungs and skin. *Third*, Certain deleterious ingredients, arising from the new materials, are mixed with the air. Thus particles of lime have been proved beyond doubt to exist in the atmosphere of new habitations, being suspended by the evaporation of the moisture; oils and metallic colours also less or more evaporate. Combinations of lead, copper, and arsenic are employed in the preparation of painters' colours; and many of these volatilise, and may be taken into the system. Besides these, there are different chemical exhalations from new wood, mould, fungi, and grasses, which arise and putrefy in damp habitations.

Attention has also been directed to the mould with which the furniture of newly-built houses is covered, and to the constant moisture of the clothes and linen, from which circumstances alone influences injurious to the inhabitants may be expected; for, on account of the increased humidity of the surrounding atmosphere, not only is the skin prevented from free transpiration, but it is even induced to attract more moisture. This is also the case with the lungs, and thus the composition of the blood is rendered unnatural, as may be seen in the pale face, wasted muscles, and sluggishness of all the functions which ensue. In other cases, protracted rheumatism, inflammation of the joints, contractions or paralysis, are produced. In addition, the sojourn in a damp atmosphere is a frequent cause of the development of scrofula, intermittent and typhoid fevers, scurvy, quincy, croop, &c. Wounds and ulcers more quickly assume

an unhealthy appearance, and have a tendency to take on gangrenous inflammation. The evaporation from organic substances favours the production of miasmata and contagions, for in no situations did the cholera occur more frequently than in new damp habitations. The inspiration of lime-particles may dispose to diseases of the chest or apoplexy; and there can be no doubt that the lead employed in painting the walls, volatilising at a high temperature, may produce in those who are constantly exposed to its injurious exhalations symptoms of chronic poisoning, disturbed digestion, cholera, and paralysis. Chronic poisoning may also be produced by being exposed to the evaporation of Scheele's green, from which arsenious compounds escape for a long time after it has been put on the walls. Lastly, the constant moisture of the clothes and beds, and the frequent effect on the food, cause certain injurious consequences on the constitutions of the inhabitants.

Since, then, the early occupation of newly-built houses and recently-plastered rooms causes so many diseases, and imparts to children the germs of prolonged sickness and misery, it becomes, argues Dr Reidel, the duty of the state to prevent these evils by all possible means. The following are the measures which he considers necessary:—1. Official examination of the materials before the commencement of the building, and the enforcement of proper arrangements as regards the structure itself. Thus, in public contracts for any building to be erected in summer, the condition ought to be made, that the materials should be procured and dried during the preceding winter, and the term of completing any edifice should always be regulated according to the weather. Lead and arsenical colours for painting the walls should be entirely forbidden. 2. A house should not be inhabited before a fixed time after its completion had elapsed. Considering the different effects of situation, a house in town should remain uninhabited for a year, and in the country, where sun and air have free access, for half a year after it has been finished. Should any house be dried before the time appointed, the proprietor might request the sanitary commission to examine it, when, if sufficiently dry, it might be inhabited. 3. A commission should be appointed for the purpose of examining every newly-built house, and testifying to its soundness before it is inhabited. Austria presents evidence of the feasibility of such an arrangement. 4. Instruction of the people as regards the injuries caused by inhabiting newly-built houses, &c. and as regards the means to be taken for the purpose of counteracting these injuries.

In absence of such a commission, people ought at least to be informed of the diseases to which they are liable by exposure to such noxious evaporation; and if compelled by circumstances to submit, they ought to use the following precautions pointed out by Dr Reidel:—Thorough drying and ventilation should not be confined to one room, but to all the adjoining rooms. Mould, fungi, &c. should be rubbed and washed off with the greatest care; fires should be frequently lighted, and the windows opened; and muriate of lime or sulphuric acid should be put in different places to attract the moisture. To purify the air from other injurious matters, chlorine, nitric acid vapours, fumes of sulphur, evaporation of vinegar, coarsely-powdered and moistened charcoal put in different places, and other fumigations, should be resorted to. For rooms already inhabited, a solution of chloride of lime is the most proper substance. Drawers and other furniture should not be placed too near the damp walls, and if the latter should be covered with mould, they ought to be touched with a solution of chloride of lime. In addition, warm and dry clothes must be provided, and the bed must not stand too near the walls. Straw or feather beds should be changed frequently, or exposed to the sun.

Such is an abstract of Dr Reidel's paper, which is replete with important but too much neglected instruction. We trust, however, that the plain and convincing manner in which he has placed his views, will be

the means of directing attention to an evil to which a large section of our population is continually exposed.

SCALE OF EUROPEAN MORTALITY.

It appears by the 'Sixth Report of the Registrar-General of England,' that England is the healthiest country in this quarter of the globe; the mean annual deaths being about 1 to every 45 persons living. In France, the yearly mortality is as 1 to 42; in Prussia, as 1 to 38; in Austria, as 1 to 33; and in Russia, as 1 to 28. The average duration of life in England is 41 years—that of Russia is less than 27 years.

WATER IN THE DESERT.

Since the French obtained a footing in Algeria, engineers have been employed to procure water in the most sterile districts by means of Artesian wells. We learn from the 'Revue de Paris,' that one of them, M. Fournel, has completed a minute survey, and he assures his government that the nature of the ground, at the foot of the Algerine mountains, near the sea coast, offers facilities for extracting large supplies of water from an inconsiderable depth below the surface. If wells can be sunk so as to produce the grand desideratum to agriculture, the face of the whole country will be materially changed: vegetation will be made to encroach on the now profitless expanse of the Sahara desert, and many spots, which are productive of nothing but sand, will afford food for man and pasturage for beasts. There is no reason to doubt that such a happy change may in time be effected; for the Artesian system, wherever it has been tried, has succeeded.

PLAGIARISMS.

EXPRESSION is said to be 'the dress of thought,' and where men feel, think, and observe alike, it follows that they will often express themselves alike; and even where this is not altogether the case, a shadow of resemblance may be traced, though the features, taken separately, afford no likeness. He who reads much will find the ideas of others imperceptibly mingle with his own, and he will often use the former with the persuasion of their being his own property. A modern writer remarks, that 'certain natural objects irresistibly suggest, to sensitive minds, the same idea, or awaken the same feeling. Who, for instance, ever listened to the hollow murmur of the sea-shell held to the ear, far away from the shore of the ocean, without being thrilled with a feeling of indescribable melancholy? Can we wonder, then, that Wordsworth, Walter Landor, and Hemans, have felt the influence, and embodied it in their verse? The lay of the lark, the glitter of the dew-drop, the thorn of the rose, with the obvious morals they suggest, are not wearisome nor contemptible because many bards have made them the subject of song, sonnet, or stanza; yet many similarities, both of thought and expression, in authors of different degrees of merit, which cannot be exactly called plagiarism, go far to prove that, if one has not borrowed from the other, they have at least obtained information or inspiration from the same source.'

Singular resemblances are sometimes observable between the thoughts expressed by the Roman writers and those in the sacred Scriptures. Thus, in the fourth epistle of Sulpicius to Cicero, we have the following line—

'Quid horum fuit, quod non prius quam datum est, aduentum ait'

which may be paralleled by a quotation from St Matthew, ch. xxv. 29—'For unto every one that hath shall be given; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath.'

If there is truth in the assertion that Shakespeare had no pretensions as a scholar, he must certainly have made use of translations of the Greek tragedians, for some of his finest passages have a close resemblance to them.

Lovers looking into each other's eyes, and seeing small reflections of themselves in the pupils, are said to see 'babies in the eyes.' In the 'History of Philoetes and Doriclea, Two Lancashire Lovers' (1640), Camillus, wooing his mistress, tells her, 'We will go to the dawns, and slubber

up a sillibub; and I will look babies in your eyes.' Her-
rick, in an address to virgins, says—

'Be ye lockt up like to these,
Or the rich Hesperides;
Or those babies in your eyes,
In their crystal nurseries;
Notwithstanding, love will win,
Or else force a passage in.'

The same poet says of Susannah Southwell—

'Clear are her eyes,
Like purest skies,
Discovering from thence
A baby there,
That turns each sphere
Like an intelligence.'

Dryden filched from Shakespeare when he wrote this couplet—

'Death in itself is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, to go we know not where.'
—Aurens-Zebe.

'The dread of something after death,
That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.'
—Hamlet.

'Ah; but to die!—and go we know not where.'
—Measure for Measure.

Milton took the title of his 'Comus,' as well as translated many passages, from a little Latin work entitled 'Eryci Puteani Amoenitatum Humanarum Distributio' (1615).

The metaphysical opinions of Hobbes remained for some time unnoticed, till Locke availed himself of them without any acknowledgment. Hazlitt has written several admirable essays, proving indisputably that the reputation acquired by Locke, as the founder of the 'new system'—the modern material philosophy of mind—is a pure imposition. Hobbes not only founded, but completed this system; for every one of its principles, even down to the latest commentators of the French school, is certainly to be found in his works. He not only took for his basis the principle, that there is no other original faculty in the mind but sensation, but he pushed this principle into all its consequences. It is probable that Locke would have been consigned to the oblivion to which Hobbes was doomed, if he had followed after the principle in question, as Hobbes had pursued it.

Tabourot's 'Bigarrures et Touches; avec les Apothegmes du Sieur Gaulard, et les Escraignes Dijonnoises,' a humorous little volume, published at Paris in 1608, has been deeply poached in by Swift, who extracted a great part of his 'Art of Punning' from it. Many of Miss Edgeworth's specimens of Irish bulls are also to be found in this old work.

Gray's 'Elegy' contains two images evidently borrowed from Thomson—

'Now fades the glimmering landscape o'er the sight.'—Gray.

'But chief when evening shades decay,
And the faint landscape swims away.'—Thomson.

'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'—Gray

'A myrtle rises far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourishing, blooming and unscathed by all,
The sweet Lavinia.'—Thomson.

In the following instance, the expression copied by Gray is too highly figurative to allow our supposing that it was unconsciously stolen—

'Lo! where the rosy-bosomed hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
And wake the purple year.'
—Ode to Spring.

The most picturesque expression here, if not the whole stanza, was borrowed from Milton—

'Along the crisped shades and bowers,
Reveals the spruce and jocund spring,
The graces, and the rosy-bosomed hours,
Thither all their bounties bring.'
—Comus.

The following nervous line, from Gray's 'Ode to Adversity'—

'Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour'—

is unquestionably taken from Milton—

'The scourge inexorable, and the torturing hour.'
—'Paradise Lost,' book ii. line 91.

Kirke White seems to have made Gray his model as much as the latter studied and imitated Thomson. From the 'Elegy' itself he has taken more than one idea—

'All dissolved,
Beneath the ancient elm's fantastic shade
I lie, exhausted with the noontide heat;
While, ripping o'er its deep-worn pebble bed,
The rapid rivulet rushes at my feet.'
—'Poetical Fragments.'

And again, in one of his juvenile poems—

'Tow did he love to sit, with upturned eye,
And listen to the stream that murmured by.'—Clifton Grove.

'Down at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.'—Gray.

To quote another example—

'Then as o'er the fields I pass,
Brushing with hasty steps the grass,
I will meet thee on the hill,
Where, with printless footsteps still,
The morning, in her buskin gray,
Springs upon her eastern way.'
—Kirke White's 'Ode to Contemplation.'

'Oft have we seen him, at the break of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet his sun upon the upland lawn.'—Gray.

Goldsmith's poem of 'Madame Blaise' is borrowed, so far as the very peculiar style of every fourth line is concerned, from Menage's odd effusion, entitled 'Le Faneux la Galisse.' Pope's well known lines—

'That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me'

are evidently from Spenser—

'Who will not mercy unto others show,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?'
—Faery Queene, book vi. c. l. st. 42.

and these again are but a paraphrase of a scriptural sentiment.

Lord Byron, after reading one of Scott's novels, was heard to remark, 'How difficult it is to say anything new! Who was that voluptuary who offered a reward for a new pleasure? Perhaps all nature and art could not supply a new idea. This page, for instance, is a brilliant one, full of wit; but let us see how much of it is original. This passage comes from Shakespeare, this bon-mot from Sheridan, and this observation from another writer, and yet the ideas are new-modelled; and perhaps Scott was not aware of their being plagiarisms. It is a bad thing to have too good a memory.' Byron acknowledged that he himself was not very scrupulous how or whence he derived his ideas, so long as they were good. When told that Japhet's soliloquy in 'Heaven and Earth,' and address to the mountains of Caucasus, strongly resembled Faust's, Byron said, 'The Germans, and, I believe, Goethe himself, consider that I have taken great liberties with Faust. All I know of that drama is from a poor French translation, from an occasional reading or two into English of parts of it by Monk Lewis when at Diodati, and from the Hartz mountain scene that Shelley versified from the other day. I do not pretend to be immaculate, and I could lend you some volumes of shipwrecks from which my storm in Don Juan came.' Shelley's 'Queen Mab,' and Casti's 'Novelle,' were two of Byron's favourite cribbing books: the latter he could draw upon very safely, as only few Englishmen have ever read it. Indeed he is said to have taken Don Juan from Casti chiefly. To quote but one of the many proofs of this, it may be mentioned that the following lines are from the Novelle of the Italian—

'Round her she makes an atmosphere of light;
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes.'

Here, too, is a passage from Don Juan, strikingly resembling one in Dante's 'Inferno'—

'Soft hour, which wakes the wish, and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fill'd with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay.'

'Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart,
Who in the morn have bid their friends farewell;
And pilgrim, newly on his road, with love
Thrills if he hear the vesper bell from far
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.'—Dante.

Byron asks—

'How is it that they, the sons of fame,
Whose inspiration seems to them to shine
From high—they whom the nations oft name—
Must pass their days in penury and shame;
Or, if their destiny be born aloof,
In their own souls sustain a harder proof—
The inner war of passions deep and strong?'

In the same spirit Dante writes—

'Shake off sloth,
For not beneath rich canopies of state,
On beds of down, must fame be sought of men.
He who descends unhonoured to the grave,
Leaves of himself on earth such vestige slight
As smoke in air or foam upon the wave:
Arise, then! and o'er sloth a conquest gain by strength of
mind.'

Some beautiful stanzas in Don Juan have been borrowed
from a celebrated poetess:—

'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight, on the blue and moonlit deep,
The ring and car of Adrian's gondolier,
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep:
'Tis sweet to hear the night-winds as they creep
From leaf to leaf—
But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,' &c.

Compare these with Joanna Baillie's—

'Tis sweet and sad the latest notes to hear
Of distant music dying on the ear:
'Tis sweet to hear expiring summer's sigh
Through forests tinged with russet, until and die
But far more sweet than this,' &c.

For that splendid simile of the dying eagle in the 'English
Bards,' Lord Byron is clearly indebted to Waller—

'So the stretched eagle quivering on the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.'

In Waller's poems it stands thus:—

'The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he went to soar so high.'

The following moral of metaphysics seems to have been
taken from Milton's version of Satan's speech—

'The mind, which is immortal, makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thought;
Is its own origin of ill, and end,
And its own place and time.'

—M. Manfred.

'A mind, not to be changed by place or time;
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.'

—Paradise Lost.

Amongst many works, not greatly read by the public, and
which are inexhaustible mines for literary larceny, may be
instanced the writings of Defoe, and Burton's 'Anatomy
of Melancholy,' from the latter, Sterne, Dr Johnson, and
Lord Byron, have enriched themselves simply. To fix the
censure of imitation on them is not, however, to bestow the
praise of originality on Burton; for, by his own confession,
his work is nothing more than an ingenious collection of
most excellent and valuable quotations.

Campbell has borrowed from Sterne, from Blair's 'Grave,'
and the following passage from Glover's 'Leontides'—

'The mind, which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and wo,
That wanting liberty, even virtue mourns;
And looks around for happiness in vain'

is thus slightly imitated by him—

'The widowed Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves funeral fires;
So sinks the heart at Shakim's bitter sigh—
So virtue dies, the spouse of liberty.'

—Fissures of Hope.

In Bernard Barton's 'Time's Takings and Leavings,' we find
the following passage derived from Goldsmith—

'What Time has robbed us of we knew must go,
But what he deigns to leave
Not only finds us poor, but keeps us so.'
'Thou source of all my bliss and all my wo,
That found me poor at first, and keeps me so.'

Moore, one of the most melodious of poets, has in the sub-
joined quotation borrowed from one of the roughest—

'Oh, tell me where the maid is found
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will search the whole world round,
To sigh one moment at her feet.'

'Nowhere
Lives a woman true and fair;
When thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet,' &c.—Donne.

We also find him rifling Dryden, Rowe, and Suckling—

'And like the stained web whitening in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon.'

—Lalla Rhookh.

'The more thou wouldst expose my virtue,
Like purest linen laid in open air,
The more 'twill bleach and whiten to the view.'

—Dryden's 'Amphitryon.'

'And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.'—Moore.

'I pray thee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine.'—Suckling.

'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that she's a new one.'—Moore.

'Tis not because I love you less,
Or think you not a true one,
But if the truth I must confess,
I always loved a new one.'—Rowe.

Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction to 'Harold the Daunt-
less,' thus describes Fancy—

'Phantasy embroiders nature's veil.

with pencil wild portrays
Blending what seems, and is, in the rapid muser's gaze.
Nor are the stubborn forms of earth and stone
Less to the sorcerer's empire given;
For not with unsubstantial hues alone,
Caught from the varying surge or vacant heaven,
From bursting sunbeam, or from flashing levin,
She limns her pictures—on the earth, as air,
Arise her castles, and her car is driven;
And never gazed the eye on scene so fair,
But of its boasted charms Fancy gave half the share.'

In corresponding colours, Leigh Hunt has depicted Imagi-
nation in one of his sweet fanciful poems—

'Fancy's the wealth of wealth, the toiler's hope,
The poor man's plover out; the art of nature,
Painting her landscape twice; the spirit of fact,
As matter is the body; the pure gift
Of Heaven to poet and to child; which he
Who retains most in manhood, being a man
In all things fitting else, is most a man;
Because he wants no human faculty,
Nor loses one sweet taste of this sweet world.'

Dean Swift was of opinion that 'it is not so much the
being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them,
that is of service to us; it being with the follies of the
mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if they are pulled
up and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich
and improve it more than if none had ever sprung up there.'

Sir K. Bulwer has a similar idea—

'This treason
Assumes a fearful aspect; but once crushed,
Its very ashes shall manure the soil
Of power, and ripen such full sheaves of greatness,
That all the summer of my fate shall seem
Fruitless beside the autumn!'

—Richelieu.

Column for Young People.

BILLY EGG.

'Can you direct me to Mr William Egg's?' said I one morning to a smart shopman, who was loitering at the door of a showy haberdasher in the principal street of a town in Ireland in which, for a few months, I once resided. I had been told by two or three persons that Billy Egg's was the best shop in the place; for that he, being a general dealer on a very large scale, I should be sure to get 'everything in the world' there. Moreover, I had been instructed that he sold good articles at a cheap rate; and being a stranger, I felt truly glad that I had been recommended to a tradesman on whom I could confidently rely. 'Can you direct me to Mr Egg's?' I repeated, seeing that the smart shopman was so much occupied either in admiring his window or his own person, that he had not at first attended to my question.

'I know no such person, ma'am,' he replied rather sharply; and as I now perceived that the house bore the evidence of fresh paint and recent alterations, it occurred to me that the smart shopkeeper might be a new comer, and ignorant of the old residents. Nothing daunted, I next entered the shop of a neighbouring bookeller, and repeated my inquiries, but with no better success. I then made my way to that of a milliner; and though a young girl, who was busily engaged at her needle, looked up for a moment with an arch smile, and then turned away, as I plainly perceived, to repress a hearty laugh, her mistress dismissed me with the expression of her opinion 'that no such person lived in that town, nor, she believed, in any other.' I felt a little puzzled to know what the girl had found so ludicrous in my simple question, and wondered if my repeated disappointments had given me a forlorn air. 'At any rate,' thought I, 'this Mr Egg is not so generally known as I expected to find him. I had better walk up the street, and try if I can discover any outward indications of his abode.'

I spent a weary half hour in this endeavour, and as it now seemed evident to me that no considerable shop could belong to the object of my search, I lowered my tone in addressing an old apple-woman who sat behind a table covered with her stores at the corner of the street. 'Pray, can you direct me to Billy Egg's?' I asked, dropping the Mr altogether, and adopting the familiar term which had been used to me.

'Och, then, to be shure I will, an' welcome, if it was a mile off; but there it's just furmint ye—that big grand shop there, wid de big letthers gilt wid goold over de big windoes.'

'My good woman,' I replied, 'I am afraid you must be mistaken; the name there is William Carter.'

'Och, don't I know that? but they call him Billy Egg, because all he has—and half the town that's his—came out of an egg.'

An exclamation of surprise escaped me, and the old woman continued—'Och, but well he deserves it, for he is a decent man, and good to the poor. God bless him every day he rises, and make the heavens his bed at last!'

As I took part of her speech as a hint to myself, I gave her sixpence, and believing there was some story worth the hearing, I begged my new acquaintance to call on me in the evening and relate it, instead of hindering her business and mine by listening to it at that moment; although I suspect she would have been nothing loath to have given me the full and particular account there and then, for she told me she knew every circumstance 'concerning him and his.'

I proceeded without further delay to the 'big grand shop,' where I saw in the master the veritable Billy Egg. He was a fine portly personage, with a good open countenance, and it was evident he could not have acquired his nickname from bearing even the most remote resemblance to an egg. He served me himself with zeal and civility, and my purchases were soon completed.

In the evening, my old apple-woman was true to her appointment, and from her I gathered the following particulars:—William Carter was a poor boy, the eldest of a large family, who, with their mother, were left destitute by the death of their father. Their poor neighbours were charitable, as the poor, to their credit be it spoken, so often are; and one took one child, and one another, until something could be thought of and done for their subsistence. William had made the most of the scanty schooling

his father had afforded him, and could read a little. He was, moreover, a steady, hard-working boy; yet the only occupation he was able to obtain was that of tending a cow on the border of a large bog. In return for this service, he was comfortably lodged and fed, and for a time the clothes he had were sufficient. He was in the habit of saving any scraps of printed paper which fell in his way, and by means of these he somewhat improved in his reading; for while the cow was munching away, little Billy had ample time for his studies, without neglecting her either, for he made a point of looking out for the sweetest grass, and leading her to it.

By his care and attention, he gave such satisfaction to his employer, that by the time his clothes were worn out, he was allowed wages sufficient to replenish them; and his good behaviour gave such confidence and respectability to his family, that a neighbouring farmer engaged one of his younger brothers in a capacity similar to his own. One day this farmer gave Billy a newly-laid goose's egg, thinking it might make him a good meal, and be something of a dainty, and as a sort of return for an act of good nature and watchfulness on Billy's part; he having noticed that a certain gate leading to the kitchen garden had been left open, took the precaution to close it, thereby preventing the incursion of a greedy sow and her interesting family, which would undoubtedly have played the part of the Goths in that flourishing spot. It is very likely that Billy's first impulse was to boil his egg and eat it; but a moment's reflection convinced him that this would be conduct very like that of the boy in the fable, who slaughtered the goose that laid golden eggs. But how to hatch his egg—for this was what he thought of—became now the question. The good woman of the house noticed that Billy was unusually silent at supper-time, and thought at first that some disaster must have happened. She learned, however, that the cow had her customary bed of soft heather, which it was Billy's pride to pick for her, and had been as carefully attended to as usual in every particular. We ought to mention that Billy was a great favourite with his mistress; and perhaps he had won her heart by the care and attention he bestowed at every spare moment on one of her little ones, who was a very sickly, fretful child, but who, somehow or other, was always most quickly pacified by Billy. She soon learned the cause of his thoughtful silence, and kindly offered to remove two or three eggs from under a duck which was then sitting, and give their place to her cow-boy's single treasure. This was the foundation of William Carter's fortune; and it is worthy of remark, that both the gift of the egg, and the opportunity of hatching it, he owed to acts of thoughtful good nature on his own part.

In due time the goslin appeared, and Billy fed it from his own scanty fare, taking it with him when he was herding. By Christmas it became a large fat goose, and its owner was offered half-a-crown for it. But he had a higher ambition for it than this, and he was not to be tempted from his purpose by the prospect of present gain. The following spring he set her on twelve eggs, which she had herself produced, and by and by twelve goslings appeared. Our hero was now obliged to exercise some ingenuity in finding food for so large a family of dependents; but he accomplished his end by bartering away three of them, in exchange for permission that the remainder should feed in his master's yard until they should be old enough to pick up their subsistence in company with their mother and the cow upon the common, and indulge in swimming there in the abundant pools. At the proper time, he sold the young geese for the largest sum he had ever seen in his life; for, though to have kept some of them might have proved an additional source of profit, he knew that he had only accommodation for one to hatch. A portion of his money he gave to his mother, but he placed a one-pound note in the safe keeping of his kind mistress, and when spring again came round, he bought with it a year-old heifer, which he sent to graze on the mountains, paying with it a small sum, the remnant of his money, which he had reserved for this purpose. Old goosey again presented him with young ones, the sale of which enabled him to purchase fodder for his cow, when she was sent home at the end of the season. And now he built a little shed for her with fir sticks from the bog and heather sods, so that perhaps she was better cared for than many a rich man's cow. We may be pretty sure, however, that Billy never neglected his master's business to attend to his own private affairs, or he and his wife would not have encouraged him in his plans, as they evidently did. It is not worth while to follow the fortunes of the prudent

industrious little fellow step by step, or to declare precisely how he dealt in cows and geese. It may be enough to say, that at the end of six years he quitted servitude a richer man than ever his father had been; on which occasion he presented the venerable goose to his mother, to whose necessities and comforts he had for some time constantly contributed. So soon as he was thoroughly established in the world, he married, but not till he had provided a neat cottage for his parent, who had the happiness to enjoy for many years the prosperity of her son, and who lived to see the poor cow-boy a man among the most respected and esteemed in his native county.

'And so, you see,' said the old apple-woman in conclusion, 'it is a foolish thing to despise small beginnings. Thrice as I am telling it ye, this is how Mr Carter got the name of Billy Egg, though, d'ye see, he never was called Billy Goose—no, never.'

NATURE AND ART.

I remember that, being abroad one summer day, my companion pointed out to me a broad cloud, which might extend a quarter of a mile parallel to the horizon, quite accurately in the form of a cherub as painted over churches—a round block in the centre, which it was easy to animate with eyes and mouth, supported on either side by wide-stretched symmetrical wings. What appears once in the atmosphere may appear often, and it was undoubtedly the archetype of that familiar ornament. I have seen in the sky a chain of summer lightning, which at once revealed to me that the Greeks drew from nature when they painted the thunderbolt in the hand of Jove. I have seen a snow-drift along the sides of the stone wall, which obviously gave the idea of the common architectural scroll to abut a tower. By simply throwing ourselves into new circumstances, we do continually invent anew the orders and the ornaments of architecture, as we see how each people merely decorated its primitive abodes. The Doric temple still presents the semblance of the wooden cabin in which the Dorian dwelt. The Chinese pagoda is plainly a Tartar tent. The Indian and Egyptian temples still betray the mounds and subterranean houses of their forefathers. 'The custom of making houses and tombs in the living rock,' says Heeren, in his *Researches on the Ethiopians*, 'determined very naturally the principal character of the Nubian Egyptian architecture to the colossal form which is assumed. In these caverns already prepared by nature, the eye was accustomed to dwell on huge shapes and masses, so that when art came to the assistance of nature, it could not move on a small scale without degrading itself. What would statues of the usual size, or neat porches and wings have been, associated with those gigantic halls before which only Colossi could sit as watchmen, or lean on the pillars of the interior?' The Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of the forest trees with all their boughs to a festal or solemn arcade, as the bands about the cleft pillars still indicate the green withes that tied them. No one can walk in a road out through pine woods, without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in winter, when the bareness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods in a winter afternoon, one will see as readily the origin of the stained-glass window with which the Gothic cathedrals are adorned, in the colours of the western sky seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forest. Nor can any lover of nature enter the old piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals, without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that his chisel, his saw, and plane, still reproduced its ferns, its spikes of flowers, its locust, its pine, its oak, its fir, its spruce. The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone, subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish, as well as the aerial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty.—*Emerson*.

THE COTTAGES OF FACTORY OPERATIVES.

Many of the handsomest cottages in the manufacturing towns, where ground is valuable, are arranged in the most vicious forms. One of these is a parallelogram, consisting of from 16 to 40 cottages, closed on all sides by the houses, which, like a square of infantry, show a front on all sides, the backs of the cottages all meeting in the centre. In this enclosure are placed all the back-yards, pigsties, and ash-pits of the whole of the houses. In hot weather, when the

wind is still, the exhalations from these concentrated nuisances are extremely offensive; and the current of air being effectually excluded, there is no chance of their being carried away except by the slow process of gaseous diffusion. The dwellers in such cottages are often astonished at their unhealthiness, when they look at their beautiful outskirts. These miserable dwellings are constantly out of repair, the consequence of the badness of their materials; whilst the certainty of the rent from the superior cottages erected by the masters, enables their owners to keep them constantly in good repair, and to supply them with every requisite. Groups of cottages for factory or other operatives, who are required to live closely together, and near to their places of work, should be built in straight parallel rows, in such a manner that the wind may pass freely through the spaces between them. Regard should be had to the direction of the prevailing winds, so that their current may be more or less parallel to the rows of houses for as large a portion of the year as possible. In this country it blows either from the west or east, or from the south or north-west, or south or north-east, ten or eleven months out of the twelve; so that a more or less east and west direction of the rows of houses will insure the most perfect access of fresh air. If a gentle inclination in the ground can be made available, so much the better; but even where the ground is flat, a small inclination sufficient for good surface-drainage may be obtained by digging out in a graduated manner a few feet of soil from the lower portion of the area to be built upon, and spreading it upon the upper part.—*Strange's Address to the Middle and Working-Classes*.

CURIOUS FACT IN COMMERCE.

At the late meeting of the British Association, Mr Porter, in a paper 'on the Trade and Navigation of Norway,' stated the following curious fact in reference to the fur trade of that country:—The greater part of the skins sold by the Norwegians are obtained from the Hamburg merchants, who buy them in London from the Hudson's Bay Company; the Norwegians convey them to Finmark, from whence they are taken to Moscow, and sold to the caravan traders for the purpose of being bartered with the Chinese for tea at Kiachta!

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

A manufacturer of carmine, who was aware of the superiority of the French colour, went to Lyons for the purpose of improving his process, and bargained with the most celebrated manufacturer in that city for the acquisition of his secret, for which he was to pay one thousand pounds. He was shown all the process, and saw a beautiful colour produced; but he found not the least difference in the French mode of fabrication and that which had been constantly adopted by himself. He appealed to his instructor, and insisted that he must have concealed something. The man assured him that he had not, and invited him to see the process a second time. He minutely examined the water and the materials, which were in every respect similar to his own, and then, very much surprised, said, 'I have lost my labour and my money, for the air of England does not permit us to make good carmine.' 'Stay,' said the Frenchman; 'don't deceive yourself—what kind of weather is it now?' 'A bright sunny day,' replied the Englishman. 'And such are the days,' said the Frenchman, 'on which I make my colour. Were I to attempt to manufacture it on a dark or cloudy day, my results would be the same as yours. Let me advise you, my friend, always to make carmine on bright sunny days.' 'I will,' rejoined the Englishman; 'but I fear I shall make very little in London!'—*Sir H. Dury*.

CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness and a festival spirit fills the soul full of harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it makes and publishes glorifications of God; it produces thankfulness, and serves the ends of charity; and when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about: and therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of advantage, whatsoever can innocently minister to this joy does set forward the work of religion and charity.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

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